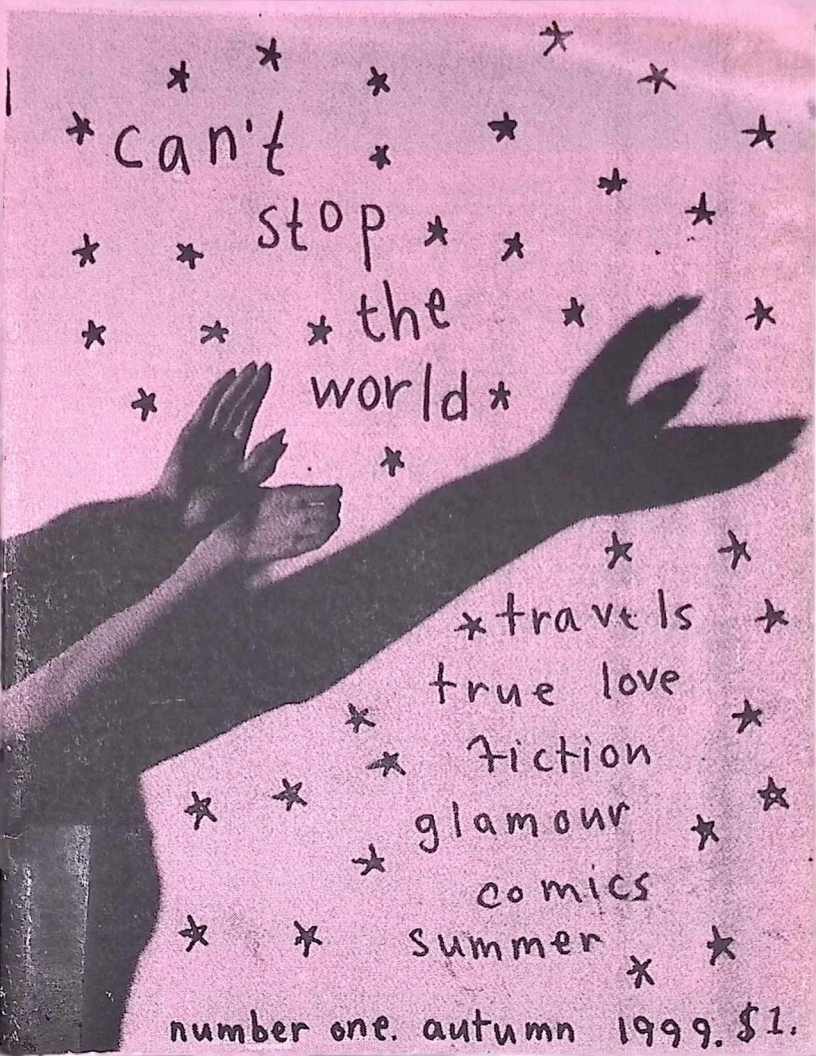

can't stop the world
travels
true love
fiction
glamour
comics
summer
number one. autumn 1999. $1.

it's been well over a year since i last put out a perzine (or any zine at all, for that matter... weird) it's only now that i start to feel the desire to write for any particular audience. maybe summer boredom (ten days before summer ends) has finally gotten the best of me. maybe because i have stories to tell. at any rate... here it is.

=write:= theresa e. molter

[redacted]

http://[redacted]

linsey & theresa

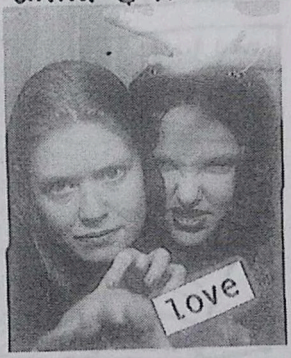
unconditional

VITAL STATS ☆

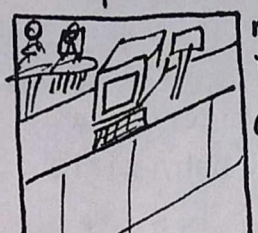
i am: theresa elisabeth
aka: dj pinktiger-eresa-teresa-jo, baby girl
age: 19 but i look 16
i live: in the dorms at hampshire college, amherst ma.

i love: my best friend, my girlfriend, my people i love: my girlfriend, my movie: best friend, the girl posse, my gay boy friends, my mom & sister and blue and pink and silver. pop music, pop forms, being a glamour in favorites include: magnetic fields, lauryn hill britney spears, versus, the field mice, dr. frank, panty raid, belle and sebastian, depeche mode...) photo. storms. food. road trip. creativity. adventure.

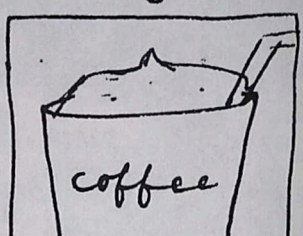
anna & theresa



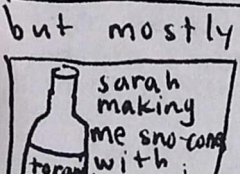
superhero, i mean coffee girl

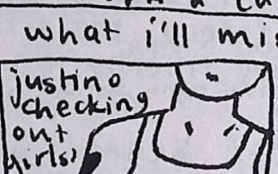


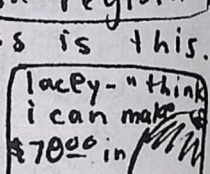
my summer job was at a coffeeshop in tucson . . .



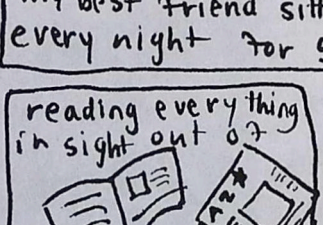
i had to be hip and cool and know how to make things like espressos and lattés and work a cash register but mostly what i'll miss is this.







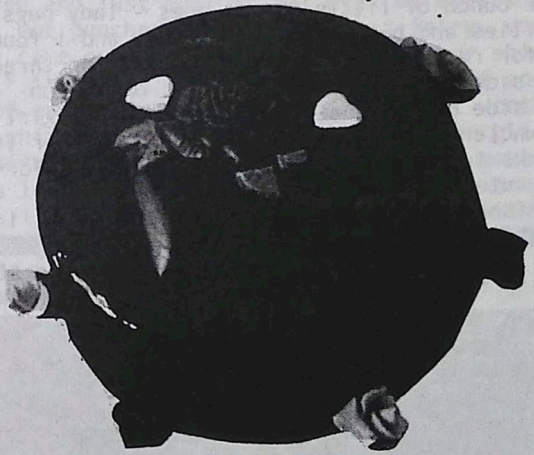
my best friend sitting at the same table every night for 5 hours, flirting w/ the server



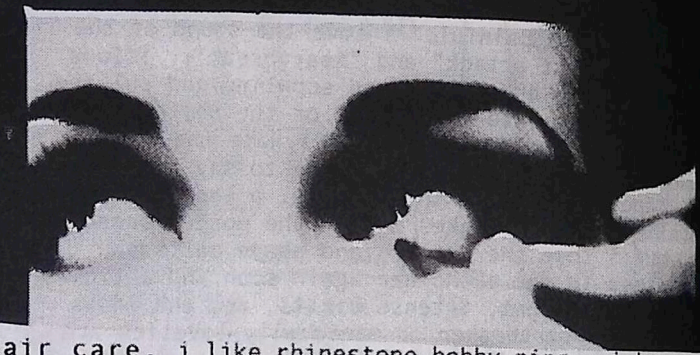
for the small amount of work i did & the large amount of free coffee, candy & soda i consumed, it's not so bad

...i want to make you my new bad habit...

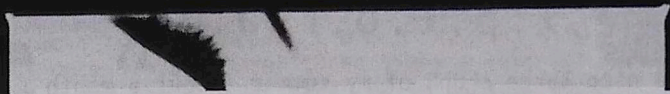
i am obsessed with heartbreak and long-distance love affairs. i adore all things melodramatic and bittersweet. love seems so much more romantic and true and valid and *real* when there is the promise (or rather, the threat) of the culmination turning out for the worst and/or most painful. i love the sound of the words "heart attack" and "heartbreak". i love being morbid and sullen and scowling and sulking and pouting into the mirror or the photobooth. i love teary-eyed goodbyes. i hate the ending and there is really no best way to say a goodbye ... and in reality, in practice, a long-distance relationship just makes me all the more miserable. but i love the letters and phone calls and promises to see eachother again soon and anticipation of short, intense visits. and the ideas of being heartbroken or maniacally lovesick are so beautiful in theory.



back-to-school glamour



hair care. i like rhinestone bobby pins - i have a whole bunch of little insect ones - lady bugs and dragonflies and butterflies. gillian and i found these for really cheap at claire's. two or three with a side part for the glam look, or one on either side of your head for a more little-girl look. but a whole strip of the plain black ones for like 99c works too, and you can criss cross them for double cuteness. or paint them with glitter nailpolish like my friend linsey does. also, i got this massively large bottle of glitter hair gel at target, that makes my hair all shiny and gets all over gillian's face when she's around me. which i like.



shoes. i always have been a shoe whore. my favorite pair right now are the black converse high tops i found for $1.50 at the thrift store, woohoo! a classic look - i had the same pair in 9th grade. i also got big white bubble toe sneakers with ladybug print, on sale at wet seal. kick ass.

make up. my new favorite thing is true colours eye shadow. mine comes in 6 shades of blue, stacked on top of each other in a column. i take a huge make-up brush and just dust it all over my eyes so it looks like i got punched in the face by a fairy. victoria's secret came out with a new "mirror mirror shiny lip gloss." it is the thickest stickiest stuff and is kind of expensive at $10 a pot, but well worth it for super shiny lips. maybelline has a super glam kind of mascara now called 'wonder curl' that makes my lashes look twice as long. mmm i love it. anna always steals it from me and calls it 'eyelash curly thing.'

clothes. i stick with - strappy tank tops. 3/4 length sleeve shirts. dark denim jeans, or baggy carpenters jeans - almost any jeans from old navy make me very happy. little boys sports shirts are always good too. i just got a bright orange cub scouts one that i particularly love. half-slips as skirts from the lingerie section of thrift stores. theresa hearts fashion...

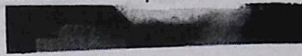
e.x.p.l.o.r.a.t.i.o.n.

a nice large chunk of my summer (about a month between getting out of school and going home) was spent taking buses around the east coast. not so much traveling aimlessly as maybe a small part of my cosmopolitan bohemian wannabe self would have liked and maybe not that much adventure either. but definitely the least (if at all) guided and/or planned by my parents of my vacations to date.

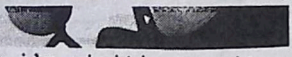
sleeping on couches and floors of east coast friends and learning how to take way more forms of public transportation than ever before. i really like couches now as places to sleep.i really like the feeling of knowing that i can go to new york city and never have to have someone tell me exactly which subway line to take to get to the village. i want to be some sort of renaissance girl who can figure things like that out and i finally know what i am doing and that reinstates this piece of my soul that wants to be independent and liberated in that sense.

besides the fact that, sometimes i love to be lost. staying at keight's apartment in boston once when she was at work for the night i just went out and walked around the neighborhood and found the quaintest little park. parks are sometimes my favorite parts of cities, especially in the early evening when everyone is out. twentysomethings jogging and parents with their kids and single people walking their dogs, and me on a bench writi letters or in my journal, and watching the sun set in the early summer when all i need is my hoodie or a cardigan. staying at my friend genan's apartment in manhattan, i wa shocked when she let on that central park was only really

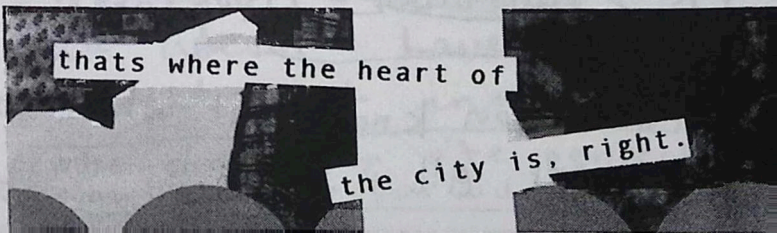
a few blocks from her house. i'd been staying with genan at least once, maybe two or three times a year for the past four years and she'd never taken me to central park!



some people weird me out so much about traveling. when i went back to tucson after my east coast trip, my best friend anna dragged me eight hours in her broken down station wagon to san diego to play on the beach and go to a jewel concert with her. she craved wendy's the whole waythere and when we finally got to coronado, she wanted t go to wendy's straightaway. i refused. have you ever thought about maybe going on a road trip where the entire point of the trip would be to stop at every taco bell or mcdonald's on the way? think about it. if you didn't look out the window of the fast food joint, you wouldn't even b able to tell what state you were in. they all look the sam



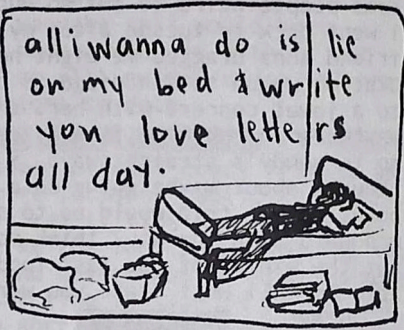
when i'm visiting a city, i like to be able to stay with someone who already lives there. i want to see all the little things that make the city special. who cares about the tourist traps, the places you can see on tv that you already know so much about before you go that there's no excitement once you get there? i want to go to the weird thrift stores and the tiny delis and the best donut shop a the most exciting playground. i want to go where the loca go and see what it's like to live there. not what it's lik to visit.



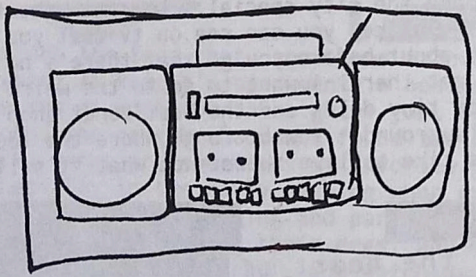
... for my girl ...

true love always

by theresa elisabeth



but where are you when i want to

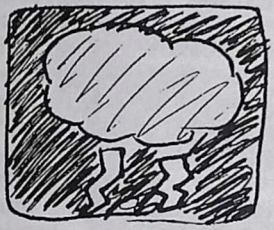


♪ live my life like my favorite pop songs? ♪

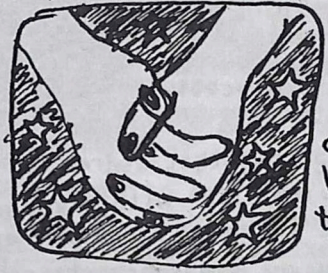
because you know that when you are here all i want to do is

live out my summer nights like you and i are a couple of picturesque teenagers.

(which, of course, we are)...



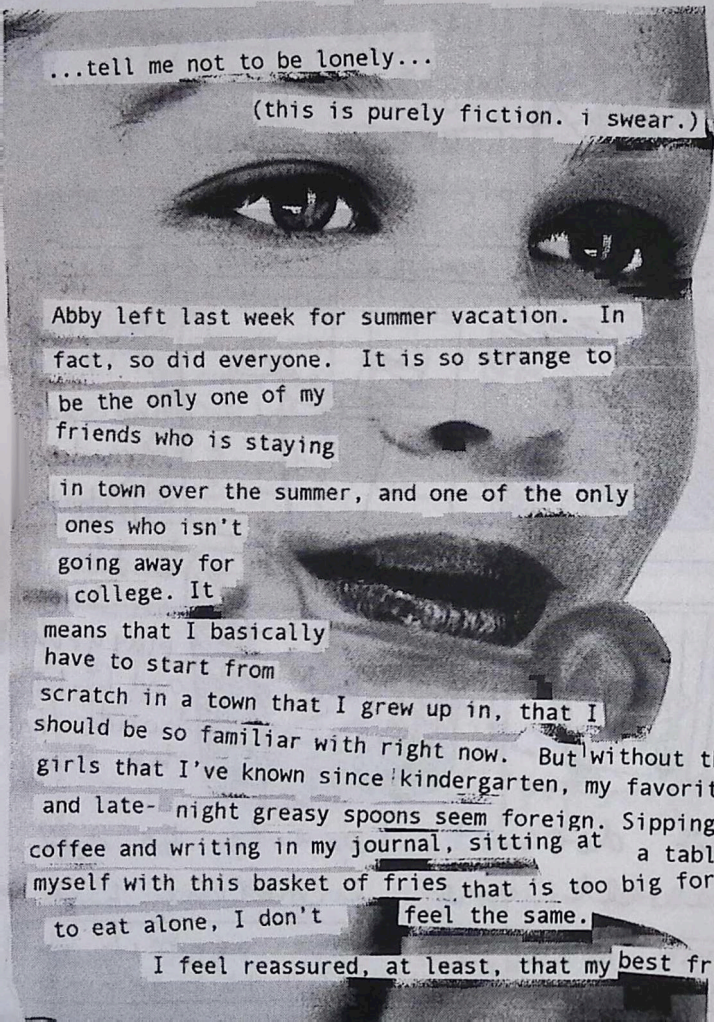
let's kiss in the rain and share strawberry milkshakes



and swing on the playground and hold hands in the dark

♥ it doesn't have to be all swelt and innocent but ♥

come make my life perfect ☆ again, like you did this summer ☆



...tell me not to be lonely...

(this is purely fiction. i swear.)

Abby left last week for summer vacation. In fact, so did everyone. It is so strange to be the only one of my friends who is staying in town over the summer, and one of the only ones who isn't going away for college. It means that I basically have to start from scratch in a town that I grew up in, that I should be so familiar with right now. But without the girls that I've known since kindergarten, my favorite café and late- night greasy spoons seem foreign. Sipping coffee and writing in my journal, sitting at a table by myself with this basket of fries that is too big for me to eat alone, I don't feel the same.

I feel reassured, at least, that my best friend

will be back in September, so I don't have to start *everything* alone. Without Abby, I really don't know what to do with myself. I wake up on a hot June morning, stretch, lie in bed, get a bowl of cereal, watch the television, lounge around in my pajamas until late afternoon. I have a job, but it is barely enough to keep me occupied and without her I think I am going to drive myself crazy this summer.

I didn't realize until she left last week just how much my life particularly revolves around her. Everything I do, I do with Abby in mind. I didn't think about it until now, I mean, it just seemed expected to do everything with her, or for her, or because of her. That's what comes naturally when you have a best friend who might as well be your Siamese twin. The kind of girl that, when she's not by your side, people say "Where's Abby today?" The kind of girl whose parents would naturally call your house first thing if they didn't know where to find her. Of course, since I met Abby in homeroom in September of my senior year of high school, I had never been away from her for more than a few days. I talked to her because she seemed cute and friendly and within the first five minutes we were deep in conversation about a favorite band we both loved. Things clicked between us right away and we'd been glued at the hips ever since.

The night before Abby left, I slept over at her house to ensure I would be able to say good bye to her the next morning. We spent all night talking and gigglin and cuddling, like we usually do. I slept curled spoon-like with her arms tight around me, and it felt so good I knew it must be wrong, but I was so content I didn't want to change anything about it. Abby caught a bus to the train station at 8 the next morning, and before she got on the bus she hugged me tight and kissed me hard on the mouth. The kind of kiss that, had this been a

movie, would have naturally turned into something more. Except this wasn't a movie, and there wasn't time for that something more. Once she got on that bus, I turned to walk home and realized I was crying. I walked the ten blocks home with tears running down my cheeks, thinking *who was going to hug and kiss and cuddle with me all summer? Who was going to hold my hand and tell me she loved me?* I didn't have a boyfriend, I always thought I didn't need one if I had Abby.

The more I thought about that, the more I realized what should have been obvious to me from the start. I was in love with Abby. The kiss she gave me before she left that morning was something I had been wanting to do since September, but was too afraid to do because I didn't know how she would react. I had had crushes on boys before. All teenage girls have the kind of rock star idol-worship crushes that are never going to happen, but feel familiar and safe and reassuring that *I am the good straight girl my parents have always expected me to be I am the...* I had gone on dates and made out with boys in the backseat, but it had never gone farther than that and I didn't want it to. I had never felt about any boy the way I felt about Abby just then.

My first true love is going to be gone all summer. I am so scared I don't know what to do. It's a new and frightening feeling and one I don't know how to deal with. Somehow I know that when Abby comes back, she is the tough decisive girl that I hope will make all the right moves and assure me that what I want is what she wants too, and she can make everything feel good and right and natural an how it should be. Oh god I hope so... I am going to have t wait all summer to find out for real.

Until then, I am writing her stacks of letters from my front porch, where I lie in my hammock sipping cherry limeade in true summer fashion. I sleep all day and take

pictures of myself in the photo booth at the diner at night, and send them to Abby so she will know my summer progression and see my peeling sunburn for herself. I roller-skate in the warm summer nights down the streets of my neighborhood, and in my journal I count the days until I can see her again.

the
end.

things that make me happy for summer...

* the silly raver pants i stole from my best friend * full house reruns * * impromptu road trip to san diego * * playgrounds * the fugees * good pop songs * 24-hour burritos * * slurpees * hotel pools * summer nights, in general including me and anna- windows rolled down- loud music & trying to pick up gross boys for the hell of it * atari * the color pink * strappy tank tops * melancholy love stories * long distance phone calls *

so i have this girlfriend ← → now.

and these two pages are just very self-indulgent and swoony but...

IT IS MY ZINE

and zines are all about self indulgence so i don't really care. her name is gillian gail and i love her very much... she is in california this year which sucks and not good.

she is the kind of girl i want to kiss in the supermarket so old couples will think we're cute. 'cept we're both girls so maybe not. she's very cuddly & sometimes i think we make my friends sick cos she makes me want to be suppy & romantic like all the time.

thiss is jilly & me. yes, i like putting photos of myself everywhere. tell me we are cute or i'll punch your eyes out!

the goods!

besides this zine, i used to write a bunch of other crap... and am kind of the queen of a little empire known as *go teen headquarters*. *go teen go* is my teen magazine for the kids who know they are too cool for the glossy teen mags on the rack, or maybe just don't want to support the fucked up institution that encourages girls to be straight, white, skinny consumerists who are dependent on boys. if you want to check this out, issue #2 has been out for way too long and contains teen sexuality, diy fashion, and a lengthy interview with the girls behind *pass the buck* records as well as other things. #3 should be out relatively soon and contains a timeline of teen bands & musicians, interviews with sarge and the butchies, advice column, true tales of teen trauma etc. $2 each. i also make shirts! they look like this, red shirts with black ink, for $5 - specify size, we have youth large through adult XL. and i am in a new wave band called the pill. our old split 7" with lucky tiger came out last summer and can be bought from:

super-8 records
po box 12125
berkeley, ca 94712

our new 7" is coming out fairly soon on heartcore records. go to www.heartcorerecords.com for more info on that. ok, you can stop consuming now. xo theresa

this is kind of not really the shirt design:

GO TEEN

the ☆ end

this is it folks, it's late but i'm done & don't want to turn on any 'puter.

i'm not about to apologize for layout. i'm not very artsy but i do have a nice collection of fashion mags and a lot of rubber cement & ball point pens...

i go back to school in four days. weird. and i go to bed now good night... summer is over. write to me - tell me what you think. distro? this is $1 or a few stamps. bye now...

P.S. a shout out to my homeboy timmie at Kinko's

love always, theresa

amherst [redacted] a2002 -5001

this one goes out to:

by me.